



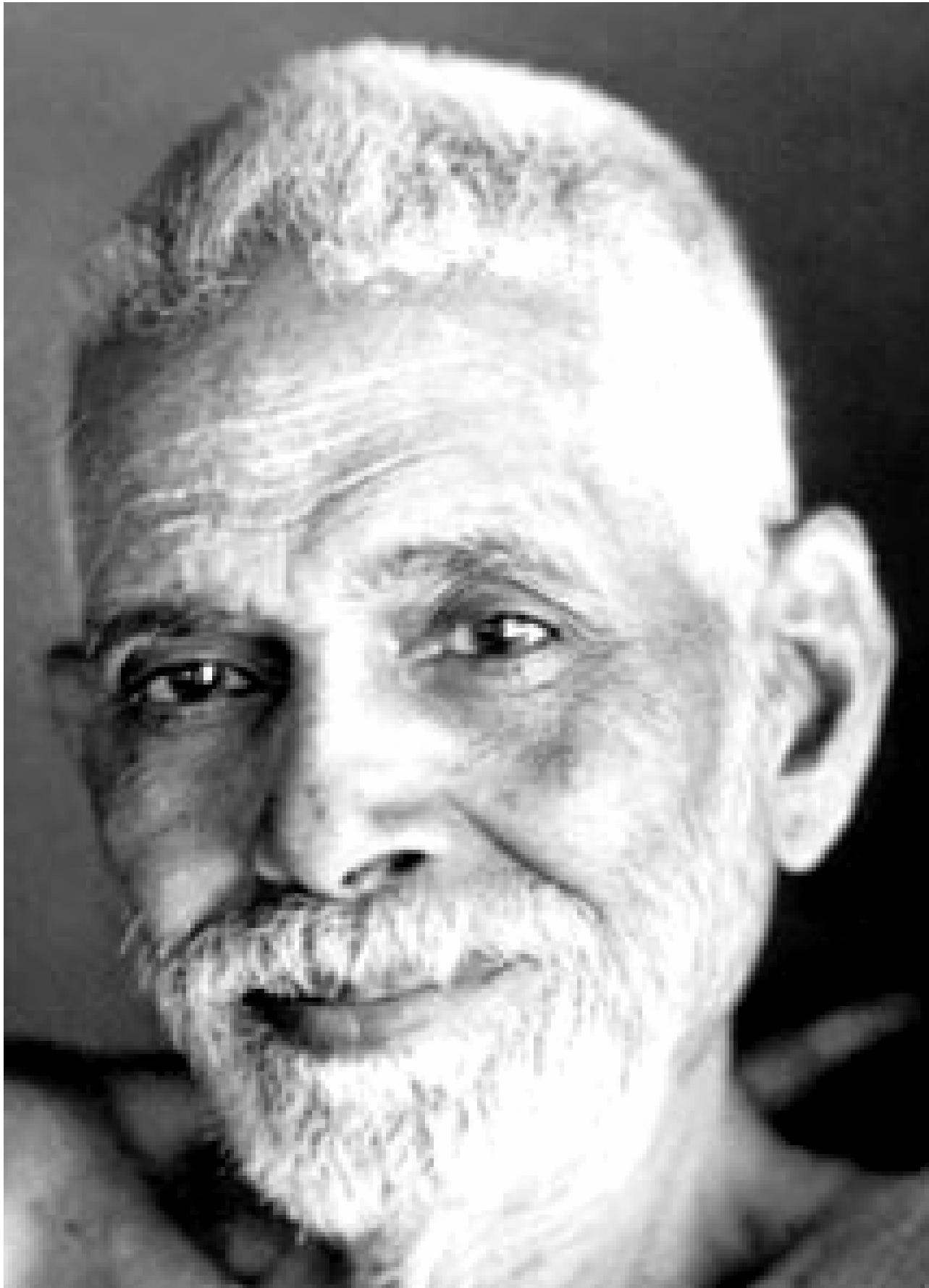
# *TOE* vs. *RWOT*

Theory of Everything versus a Real-World-Out-There

*T O E* Theory-of-Everything vs. *R W O T* Real-World-Out-There *J Stiga*

2014

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dedicated to Ramana Maharshi (*epilogue dedication is proverbial*)

*a labor of love*

“I love everything in this god-almighty World, God knows I do.”      Donovan

*some playful wordplay from Ramana et. al.  
regarding “That” & the verb “to be” in AM (& ART)*

<i>Deham</i>	Body
<i>Naham</i>	I Am Not.
<i>Koham</i>	Who Am I?
<i>Soham</i>	I Am That Absolute.

*Tat Twam Asi*      Thou Art That (Brahman, Absolute)  
as in Nisargadatta’s *I Am That* & Heinlein’s *Thou Art God*

*I Am that I Am.*  
Old Testament

Bible Scholar Karen Armstrong suggests that the 5 word (*in English*) phrase just above may have simply been a common idiom of the time put into Yahweh’s mouth. Mom now asks a teenager, *where are you going?* & may get the non-answer: *Out!* The cinema mobster asks aggressively: *who am I supposed to be? What do I look like?* In the spirit of such non-communications, an exalted one might respond to the impertinent query of an underling: *I am who I am. (Who’s askin’? What’s your problem?)* However originally intended many took the statement at the highest level & were duly inspired, & that’s what counts. The phrase may have even in part inspired another such proclamation:

*Be still & know that I am God*  
Old Testament

Mission-school educated Ramana Maharshi appreciated these among rare gems in the Bible. Another apparently inspired jewel would be:

*Before Abraham came to be, I Am.*  
New Testament

Other Eastern teachers have selected these among their few Bible favorites., [ “Abraham” in turn has been analyzed by some of these to derive from *Aham Brahman* – I am Brahman, the Absolute.]

*Om Tat Sat*      Satchitananda That Truth  
Ancient Vedic mantra where  
*Sat Chit Ananda* is Existence–Consciousness–Bliss

[ the Buddhist *tat* “that”, in Buddha’s name *Tathagata*, is not so different ]

### *a few warm-up stories*

I heard Steve Martin in an early-days S.F. club act clutching around with the mike on stage, apologizing: *were just killing some time up here, waiting FOR the drugs to take effect.* In somewhat that spirit, a few anecdotes, I mean anecdotes:

Groucho Marx brought to the early TV public a few *zen* lessons in the futility of human desires. Yes, he did jest about the obvious ones, as when telling his sidekick announcer George Fenneman about exiting a hotel shower without a towel, only to find a maid making up the room. When asked by George what next transpired, Groucho simply stated: *she saw my predicament*, as he raised his eyebrows and puffed his cigar. Another such *risqué* comment caused the only non-airing of a *Bet Your Life Show* on early network TV. A couple questioned by Groucho as to their family mention 17 kids, & Groucho asked for an explanation. Their response was that they *really loved each other*. Groucho's retort was: *well I love my cigar too, but I take it out once in a while.*

Seriously though the one that impressed me as a 3<sup>rd</sup> grader was a put-on farce, but one not obvious at first, and so classic that I loved it. Back in the 1950's when *Nautilus* was long from being invented, when weight-training was a rare secret obtainable with a coupon on the back of comic book (*especially is viewed at the beach with kicked sand obscuring your tearful eyes*), Hollywood went of Olympic swimmers to recruit "buff" actors of the day like Johnny Weissmuller (*Tarzan*) & Buster Crabbe (*also Tarzan but mostly Flash Gordon*). Well Groucho has this much more muscular, more broad shouldered, swarthy young guy as a contestant, & this guy really did look like he lived in a tree. The young ape-man (*unibrow, but clean shaven*) may not have been dumb, but he looked it & played it well. Then again, Groucho may have recruited him because he was & sought some slightly cruel but hilarious jest. Where he was from, well that was the California town of *Tarzana* but that coincidence did seem in retrospect to be too good to be true, hence the fabricated farce. So these contestants are somehow subjected to Spelling questions, with the female co-contestant remaining silent, so "*Tarzan*" attempted all the answers. For instance if asked to spell say "*situation*" he might have started O.K. with "*s ... i*" & then gone off track with maybe "*d*", seeing the disappointment or disapproval immediately in Groucho's eyes. But not stopping there, he would bravely continue: "*s ... i ... d ... u ... a ... y ...*". Seeing further disagreement, he would lurch into a hyper-excited state, enthusiastically adding more letter before he could be silenced: "*s ... i ... d ... u ... a ... y ... z ... c ... u ...*" & on & on past Groucho's supposed attempts to stop him, *it was over*. Groucho then gave him some easier words, but the same thing happened. Each time he keep adding more erroneous letters *as if enough letters might bring it back all right again*. Foolish, & probably put-on, but the hilarious series of Spelling mockeries did strike me, upon latter memory of my childhood laughter, as a great Metaphor for human folly. Already wrong, we often plough ahead with the same strategy, vainly hoping to bring it back all right again.

Groucho Marx would also tell of a guy who said his deluded thought he was a chicken. When asked why they did not get him some psychiatric help, the complainer's response illustrates how others in your dream, your own creations, support your needless bondage, just as your concepts do, because they too are your concepts. In Groucho's story the whole family loved the brother but stood in the way of his getting free of it because they believed they derived value from the same delusion. So to Groucho the fellow says: *We'd really love to help him but were just so poor.* When assured that public health facilities could assist, even though psychiatric analysis would be costly. The fellow then responded to Groucho: *Yeah we know, but we are just so poor that we need the eggs.* Psychiatrists themselves tell us that a lab rat finding cheese down some tortuous path in a *maze* will find it again so long as there's always cheese, & perhaps a try or 2 thereafter. But a human finding Happiness down in some *maze* will never stop going back, long after whatever "cheese" found there has long disappeared. We need the *eggs*, we need the *cheese*, we keep *spelling letters*, keep having the *17 kids*, but we cannot depend upon the World to deliver the Happiness that can only be found in & as ourselves. Groucho of course, (*not admitted as a Jew in Hollywood country-clubs of the day*) would express his *sour-grapes* chagrin: *I would never want to join an organization the would accept such as me for a member.*

another less than spiritual story, but still useful Ventriloquist story: *repeatedly portrayed by British actors & in Hitchcock:*

Great acclaim surges for the tall handsome Ventriloquist with flawless disguise of mouthing the words & flawless projection of the Dummy's voice. That Dummy is small, ugly, & funny even though inclined to use nasty speech & insult the audience members. As somewhat well known, when the fair lady pursues her fan-crush-interest in the articulate,, & charming Ventriloquist, to her dismay he just will not let of the Dummy, nor cease to interject his nasty comments. Of course, the

Ventriloquist turns out to be the real “dummy” while the apparent Dummy is some evil demon with great powers to animate the “dummy” Ventriloquist, all the while under the demon’s full control, all the while having no intelligence or even life other than the demon’s own.



*both magnifying lens & watch  
are 3-D ghost images, part of the same Hologram*

a more abstract version with the same lesson, discussed for both after describing the next few of stories:

The *Magnified Watch Hologram* was one of the earliest *Hologram* demo’s seen in various “exploratoriums” & sold at the educational “scientific companies”. That golden brown Hologram was far more ornate than the simple figure above, but this one suffices to explain the principle. The “watch” was part of the Hologram as was the object magnified. But the “magnifying glass” was also part of the Hologram. Since both were immaterial images, the *lens glass* only “posed” as a functioning Magnifier, somewhat similar to the way that the Sense pose as Instruments of Knowledge & the *Ego* idea poses as the knower of other ideas & objects.

When you, the real Viewer, in a role like the real Self, change your position and view the Hologram from far to the left, for instance, you will not each time see the same portion of the “watch” magnified. You may be able to angle yourself so as to see the “12” or the “1” magnified along with the minute tick-marks between those hour-numbers and all of that part of the watch nearby. In other words, the phony Magnifier “seems” to work like a real one, magnifying different portions, depending on your perspective. But in fact, the entire Hologram, in the Analogy playing a role like ideas in Consciousness itself, containing all the Information necessary to supply a 3-D ghost image. That store of information even includes the “potential” different viewable, magnified areas that might be “summoned” when looking through the “glass” from different angles. In that sense of simultaneously storing of “potential” different viewable magnified areas, the Hologram is 4-D, superimposing overlapping 3-D images as Information code in the 2-D film.

To that extent, this early Hologram provides an Analogy for a pseudo-Subject that seems to both View and be an Object. Both are just images, as are all the “interactions” between them. There *virtual interactions* cast the Illusion that the “glass” really magnifies the “watch.” Similarly in Consciousness, the false *Individual* “subject” really seems to view the “object.” The old saying that “when it walks like a duck, squawks like a duck, it is a duck” does not necessarily hold true. Even in the relative, ordinary sense, *Seeing* should not always be *believing*. Just because the “magnifying glass” looks like it functions does not mean it really functions or even exists. Image & Illusion can help the *Ego-Subject* seem like it knows the Object, but it “ain’t necessarily so” & in fact is never so – remaining, like *smoke & mirrors*, only Image & Illusion. Terse, symbolic summary might be offered as:

*Thought: “other” ==> [ Self /= Absolute ] ~ Ego – individual separate from that “Other”*



*To him who is luminous like the light of a lamp set in a pot with many holes;  
to him whose Knowledge moves outward through the eye & other sense organs;  
to him who is effulgent as "I know", & the entire Universe shines after him; to  
him, the unmoving Guru Dakshinamurti, may reverence be offered.*

Vedanta-establishing Shankara in his “pot with many holes” analogy as used in *Hymn to Dakshinamurti*, primal guru:

The *clay-pot*, jar or urn is itself inert like the Universe & so are the Holes (assumed individual “knowers”). They are like the Ventriloquist-dummy & the *Magnified Hologram Watch* where Magnifying Glass & Watch are empty images. Holes & Magnifier & Ventriloquist *seem* to know but all real Knowledge is one with the Non-Dual Self. Apparently *reflected* light from the single interior Source grants apparent intelligence to the Holes, but all Knowledge & Existence resides as Consciousness, the Non-Dual Self.

*Most men lead lives of quiet desperation and go to the grave with the song still in them.* erroneous  
Thoreau Walden quote *The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.*

actual, similar quote  
*A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind.*  
continued quote prophetic of reality TV

ENCORE: Shankara’s point above was made similarly regarding Happiness. When I turn left instead or right, breathe in instead of holding the breath, do anything else, think anything, my only motive is to increase Happiness, or equivalently, to reduce or stop any loss of Happiness. Whatever satisfaction there may be that seems to afford Happiness, does so in partial measure only. And yet as the ever-known background reference by which to compare partial Happiness, I am ever aware of perfect complete Happiness. for that to is another way to designate the Self, along with Consciousness & Existence. That presumed Happiness-granting object does not always deliver, sometimes it is not what I want, as might occur for some diversion, food, sex, or whatever else. Nor does more of the same consistently grant greater Happiness, as can be the case for excess money. In the absence of the presumed Happiness-granting object, I can extract some enjoyment from a mental memory, but never approaching the intensity of the original experience. So Happiness is not in the Mind, but when the obscuring Mind is stilled by attainment of a desired object, some glimmer of the Self partially & temporarily shines through. But Happiness is ever only the inner nature of the Self itself, is never lost, & can never be increased or truly supplied at all by any objective, experience, person, or circumstance.

*I'm free – I am free, & Freedom has the taste of Reality,  
If I told you what it takes to reach the highest high, you'd laugh & say "nothing's that simple".  
But you've been told many times before Messiahs pointed to the door, but no one had the guts to leave the temple.*  
The Who *Tommy* rock opera

finally on a lighter & then more somber note, we review some of the tired old *Minister-Priest-Rabbi*. They exaggerate some small kernel of truth in comparing the 3, the main point lies in their introduction of some often ignored religious quotations.

“I know what you’re up to! “

unsettling throw-away line to someone passing by, making them wonder:  
*which of the things that I’m up to?*

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, I feel free.

Feel when I dance with you, we move like the sea.

You, you’re all I want to know, I feel free, I feel free, I feel free.

I can walk down the street, there’s no one there, though the pavements are one huge crowd.

I can drive down the road, my eyes don’t see, though my mind wants to cry out loud.

Dance floor is like the sea, ceiling is the sky. You’re the Sun & as you shine on me, I feel free, I feel free, I feel free.

*Cream pre-Disraeli Gears*

Rabbi, Priest, & Minister Jokes (about spiritual renunciation of wealth):

Clergyman Donations: Rabbi, Priest, Minister jokes are numerous but the Rabbi is always the clever one, as is the case in these 2 Donation jokes. The clerical trio out for a walk happen upon a mysterious sack full of money. Rather than turn it in to the Police, who would likely only steal it anyway, they decide to *sanctify* their good fortune by offering some to God. The Priest says: "*We'll draw a circle on the ground, throw the money in the air, & whatever lands inside the circle, we'll give to Charity.*" But then the more conscientious Minister says "*No, we'll draw a circle on the ground, throw the money in the air, & whatever lands OUTSIDE of the circle, that's what we'll give to Charity.*" But the Rabbi offers the more popular solution: "*No, we'll throw the money way up in the air, & whatever God wants, he keeps,*"

Funeral of a Clergy Colleague: The same Ecumenical trio attend the Funeral of a local colleague, the deceased Hermetic Egyptian minister. Adhering to traditions tracing back to *gifts to the dead* for Egyptian pharaoh mummies entombed in pyramids, it is up to each of them to include a monetary Donation into the casket as a Funereal Offering. As the 3 walk away from the grave they exchanged glances & the other 2 question the Minister about his gloomy face. *Really gonna miss him, hah?* is what they ask in sympathy. *Yes, but no that's not it. I feel kinda guilty. Feeling financially abstemious today, I only left a lousy 100 bucks.* At that point the Priest chirps in, as he sneaks a sip from his flask. *I'm with you Boyo, guilty as Hell. I sprung for 500 buckaroos, but borrowed it from the Poor-Box. I may have to confess that.* Seeing the satisfied look of the Rabbi, the other 2 remarked: *Looking very at ease Friend. Noble generosity & respect won out for you today, yes?* The Rabbis responds: *Yes indeed, so I figured on 10,000 dollars, & so I left him a check.*

Christianity, along with other religions & philosophical codes, generally all contain a *Golden Rule* about treating others as you want them to treat you, & most caution the Rich & reassure the Poor, the entire thrust, the whole point, is not to advocate laziness or failure. All that *Blessed are the poor* stuff acknowledges the Unity of Being, & the inescapable consequences call *Karma*. The clumsy sin & punishment teaching in the Abrahamic Desert Religions (*Persian Zoroastrianism & Baha'i, Palestinian Judaism, Greek Christianity, Arabic Islam, & American Mormon*) & especially in Christianity & Islam are to be found, in part, at the lowest rungs of the great Jungle Religions (*Hindu, Buddhist, Tao, etc.*) but nowhere as bad as in Christianity & Islam, and nowhere else with Eternal Damnation. All that is the more primitive symbolism of *Karma* which really amounts to, (*since all are oneself & One Self*) that if you harm yourself, it eventually hurts. And nothing hurts more surely than postponing inevitable Liberation-Enlightenment which gets called Heaven, while temporary prior *Karma* is called Hell. Halfway through the 1<sup>st</sup> after centuries in which most Christians assumed Reincarnation, just as neighboring religions did, Reincarnation was narrowly voted out thanks to political coercion. Now Reincarnation is best said to be unreal, but no more so than this Incarnation. Once voted out, it was solidly replaced by Hell & Heaven, with the vast greater emphasis of words & teaching on the former, Hell & Sin, along with Resurrection of the corpses for original Christianity, & various Raptures & Armageddons for later fabrications.

However mythologized, the *Blessed are the poor* stuff, which is the first-forgotten, was not advocating laziness or failure. Rather, in the context of *Karma* determining Reincarnation, instead if YOGAOIL (*you only go around once in life*), fairness requires that we recognize that Life is not staged on a level plying field. At the same time, good fortune abused precedes ill fortune later or the next time. At any point in the cycle, very few are wealthy, or even sustained, while no all live in a free land, in good climate & terrain, born healthy & good looking with other physical assets; respected, admired & loved;

intelligent, clear-headed, & fortunate in circumstance & those who influenced them; free from sickness, accident, violence, & other physical suffering, disability, bad luck & early death. More importantly, spiritually, is that Attachment to advantages & pleasures clouds spiritual discrimination, understanding, & inclination – thus the blessing of Poverty, etc. for those who can Endure, & the curse of Riches & Advantage for those who are not extremely careful to attain & maintain Non-Attachment. The Poor may still fail spiritually, for the moment, just as nothing prevents the Fortunate from attaining & maintaining NonAttachment. Outward Renunciation is an optional & only partial measure advocated below for the Rich, but it is a fine spiritual *safety-net* that finds use, as does Non-Attachment generally, so rarely among the Rich. The teachings indicted below are found, though more sparsely, in the Old Testament & a bit, though less in the Koran.

Thus the archetypal *rabbi* in the Jokes, is markedly *clever*, the Priest good-naturedly *indulgent* (booze traditionally touted, pedophilia for too many coming to light after the time of these Jokes). Perhaps the emphasis on the *weakness* of we sinners & God's mercy & forgiveness made the Catholics *soft on sin*. The Minister, however, is caricatured as *literal* & perhaps stuffy & hypocritical. The Minister's congregation & apostates made up these Jokes. Furthermore that Minister, his congregation & apostates have essentially forgotten *totally* the teaching below to which they would give lip-service if pressed to do so, but more often ignore or even denounce as, God forbid, *socialism* (such as is Public Education, Medicare, Social Security, Social Networking, High Society, etc.).

The Rich have despised the poor. They oppress them & often unfairly drag them into court & sentence them.

Jas 2:6

The kings of the Earth, & the great & rich & powerful men, & all of their debt-collecting henchmen will flee at the End of Times to hide in mountain caves.

Rev 6:15

Here follows a sampling (*among many more*) of relevant NT Bible quotes, though (*as just above*) there are OT ones & in both (*especially NT*) direct advocacy of Social Justice & essentially Socialist Democracy (*though Nazis & others falsely co-opted that political word combination*).

The cares of this World, & the deceitfulness of Riches, the Pleasures of this Life & the lusts of other things entering in, “choke the Word of God” (*in the minds of the Rich, thus curtailing understanding due to Attachment*).

Mr 4:19 & in part Mt 13:22 & Lu 8:14

If you are to reach Perfection (*Liberation – Enlightenment – Heaven*), go & sell what you have, & give to the poor, so that you will have Treasure in Heaven, & only then come follow me.

Mt 19:21 & Mr 10:21 & Lu 18:22

Sell what you have & give alms to provide yourselves with Treasure in Heavens that fails not, where no thief approaches, nor moth corrupts. He who accumulates Treasure for himself is not generous in the name of God. Lay not up for yourselves Treasures on Earth, but lay up for yourselves Treasures in Heaven. where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Lu 12:21 & Mt 6:19-20

For where your Treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Mt 6:21 Lu 12:34

No one can serve 2 Masters, for either he will hate the one, & love the other; or else he will hold to the one, & despise the other. You cannot serve both God & Greed (*Mammon*).

Mt 6:24 & Lu 16:13

It is very unlikely that those who trust in Riches will enter into the Kingdom of God in Heaven.

Mr 10:23 & Lu 18:24

It is easier for a camel to go through the Eye of the Needle, than for a Rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.

Mt 19:24-25 & Lu 18:25

[not *quite* as hard as a camel through a sewing needle eye, though preachers like the hyperbole – the *Eye of the Needle* named a narrow opening in the Walls of Jerusalem, *pedestrians only*, too narrow for a camel to ordinarily squeeze through]

God *filled* the *hungry* with good things & the Rich he sent away empty.

Lu 1:53

Go now you Rich men, who have heaped treasure together for your old age, weep & howl for the miseries that will come upon you. Your riches are corrupt & your elegant wardrobe will be moth-eaten. Your gold & silver will decay & the rust will be testimony against you. Disease will eat your flesh like fire.

Jas 5:1-3

Woe to you Rich, for you have received your consolation (*prize*).

Lu 6:24

How much to these verses, & the many similar ones, resonate with the socio-political-economic *tone* of contemporary Christianity? As in the one just above, many, in the zany context of the *Last Days* (*or individual death*) , repeat admonitions of prior verses (*crude, objective caution against Attachment*).

Those who consider themselves Rich, with abundant resource,& having need of nothing, many in the end will find themselves (*metaphor*) spiritually wretched, miserable, poor, blind, & naked.

Rev 3:17

The Rich pass away like the Sunlight fading in the grass.

Jas 1:10-11

[that lasr phrase above is found in a Hippie Anthem & then later in Christian Rock ]

Love is but the song we sing,  
Fear's the way we die.  
You can make the mountains ring,  
Or make the angels cry.  
Though the bird is on the wing,  
And you may not know why,  
Come on people now,  
Smile on your brother,  
Everybody get together,  
Try to love one another right now.  
If you hear the song I sing You  
will understand, listen! You hold  
the key to Love & Fear, All in  
your trembling hand.  
Just one key unlocks them both.  
It's there at you command.  
Some may come and some may go,  
We will surely pass,  
When the One that left us here,  
Returns for us at last.  
*We are but a moment's sunlight*  
*Fading in the grass.*

sung by *Youngbloods* but written by “Dino Valenti” (aka Chet Powers)